

Taylor University

## Pillars at Taylor University

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The Echo 1918-1919

The Echo

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11-23-1918

## Taylor University Echo

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**OLD GLORY UNFURLED.**

For some time the boys of the S. A. T. C. have been dissatisfied with the condition of the tower and flag pole on the administration building. They did much work to put the hoist in order but decided that a new pole and hoist would be more satisfactory. An 80-foot metal pole was erected, reinforced in concrete. The location is due east of the administration building and northeast of the music hall.

Lt. C. D. Manary was master of ceremonies, while all the students and faculty and many friends made an enthusiastic assembly. The leading speakers were Dr. Wray, Dr. Vayhinger and Rev. Barrett. Each was at his best and the addresses were worthy the occasion. Then the banner of freedom, triumphant in peace as well as war, was lifted to kiss the nation's breezes and to hearten and inspire all who behold it. The boys say it has been hoisted "never to come down!"

**UNITED WAR WORK FUND.**

Taylor University showed her colors as she has always done, Friday, Oct. 15, when she went "over the top" in the United War Work campaign. We were spurred on by minute speeches from War Mothers, Lieut. Manary and members of the faculty, and when Rev. Barrett made the final and collections speech every one was on his feet to make his contribution. The S. A. T. C. stood to the last man, making over \$400 from them. The soldier boys surely have the right spirit, for which we cannot praise them enough. The civilian students did their share, and when chapel closed we had gone over the top, with over \$800.

Although the war is over, every one realized that our boys should be cared for now as much as when the battle was roaring and gave to the cause freely. due care it will be unnecessary to close school.

**DIED OF INFLUENZA.**

Marguerite Schwartz was born Sept. 1, 1917, at Upland, Ind., and passed into the hands of Jesus Nov. 11, 1918, aged one year, two months, 11 days. She leaves to mourn her loss her father, mother, sister and brother, two grandfathers, two grandmothers, one greatgrandmother, with several aunts, uncles and cousins. She is the first to start our family ties in the Heavenly Kingdom, and will make heaven more real to us all.

"Dearest Maggie, thou hast left us,  
And our loss we deeply feel,  
But 'tis God who has bereft us,  
He can all our sorrows heal."

Funeral services were private on account of the disease, and were conducted by Rev. A. E. Burk and Prof. Wray. We extend the family the sympathy of all.

**CARD OF THANKS.**

We desire to thank those who kindly ministered to us during the illness of our family and the death of our little one; also those who contributed toward the money received.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Schwartz  
And Family.

Besides the Schwartz home there has been illness of the prevailing influenza type in the Wm. Thompson, Jeppe Jensen, O. P. Smith homes. All were put under quarantine and all are on the road to recovery, except for the bereavement of the Schwartz home as noted elsewhere. The department of health says that with

**RAISING THE STANDARDS.**

One day recently the English XII class was given opportunity to write extemporaneously on the subject: "Suggestions for Improving Conditions at Taylor University." The papers chosen for publication are both from pencils that write on the "Echo" staff and both speak for themselves. They are published with malice toward none, with charity for all, in the hope that they may summon us to improve the defects mentioned.

Echo Publishing Co.,

Sirs:—I wish to express a thought that many have in mind but few have dared to give a liberal expression. Taylor is always late. If there is chapel the students loiter and get there about fifteen minutes late. If there is a class they hang around the hallways and talk, annoying the teacher because of their late arrival and wasting time that should be precious to them. If work is to be done, they are late in doing it. Even the bell-ringer is late.

On the other hand, the students are not the only ones to blame. Some members of the faculty have a habit of keeping their classes overtime. In this way the students are late for the next class, or if there is a military formation the entire company is delayed. This must be stopped. When the time is up, we who are in charge of the military work expect our men to be on time, and if extreme means must be resorted to, they will be required to leave the class room when the bell rings, or suffer the penalty of being late to formation, which is a serious offense in military custom.



Pleasant hints have been for ten; it is action, and immediate action, that is needed. Let the faculty members mark the ones who are late, but also be guarded by the military rules. There are too many people in our school who are continually wasting the valuable time of others by being behind time.

"Time and tide wait for no man." Let us have that as a fixed rule and practice, and we shall realize that the habit of being on time is just as pleasant and easy as being late, and is by far more profitable.

Sincerely yours,  
FRED W. THOMAS.

## II.

To Whom it May Concern.

From one who is not himself without sin in the same respect, will you permit a suggestion, the observance of which will improve the environments at Taylor University? It is my belief that the janitor work is not done thoroughly enough. Dust hides above the door and window casings, while in many other places it is so bold as to appear openly. Similar minor details are so irregular as to cause everyone to become somewhat careless, as if to say "That's well enough—for Taylor." Now the fact is, nothing is well enough for Taylor that will not pass muster anywhere.

Let's either increase the janitor force, increase the pay of the janitors so they can afford to do their work as it should be done, or cite them for carelessness. It is not fair to leave all the work for the head janitor; neither is it sufficient for most of the rooms to be cleaned only once a week. Now, boys, volunteer as janitors. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Then isn't janitor work next to preaching?

—Ross J. Hutsinpillar.

### United Brethren Church.

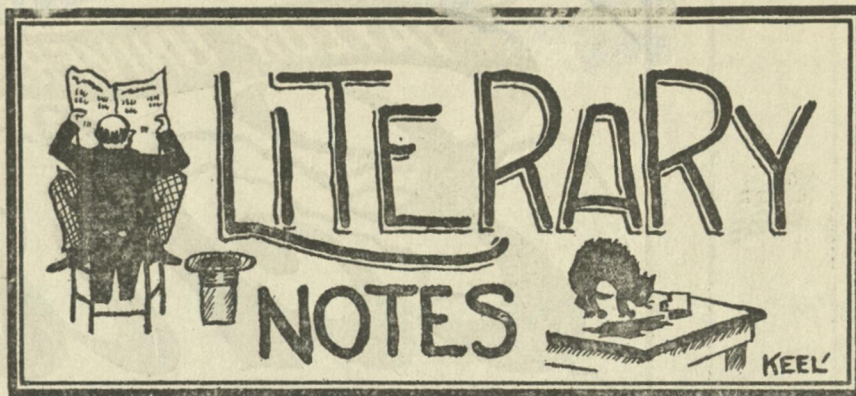
Rev. M. G. McIntosh, Pastor.  
Sunday school 9:30  
Preaching 10:30 and 7:30.  
Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30.

### Friends.

Sunday school 9:30.  
Morning worship 10:30.  
Evening worship 7:30.  
Prayer service, Thursday, 7:30.

### Methodist Episcopal.

Rev. Maurice E. Barrett, Minister.  
The Sunday school 9:30.  
The morning worship 10:30.  
The Epworth League 6:30.  
The evangelistic service 7:30.  
The prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30.



## CULTURE.

To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count nature a familiar acquaintance and art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys to the world's library in your pocket, and feel its resources behind you in whatever you undertake; to make a host of friends among the men and the women of your own age who are leaders in all walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasm and co-operation with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are ladies and gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christian.

William De Witt Hyde,  
President Bowdoin College.

## MY IDEAL MAN.

As I was sitting before the fire one cool November evening, building air castles as most girls do, I am told, I heard a small voice at my elbow saying, "Come with me."

Of course my curiosity was aroused and I asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the city of Ideals," came the answer. "Close your eyes."

"This would be a very interesting journey, indeed," thought I. "I believe I will go."

All was dark for a moment, then I found myself in the streets of a large city. Over several of the buildings were various signs reading, "Ideal Homes," "Ideal Husbands," "Ideal Wives," and yea! I could scarcely believe my eyes—but there staring at me was one, "Ideal Mothers-in-Law." I had heard of "Ideal Homes" and even "Ideal Husbands," but never in the course of my earthly career had I heard of an "Ideal Mother-in-Law."

"Choose quickly," came the voice at my elbow. "Time is short and you may see only one Ideal today."

I gazed from one place to another in bewilderment. At last my glance rested upon a huge marble edifice,

much larger and more imposing than the others. This structure bore the sign: "Ideal Men."

"What a number of them there must be," thought I, "since every man in the world must be some one's ideal. I will go in here."

As I passed through the doorway, I noticed that the arrangement was like that of an arcade. Between the spectators and the specimens of Ideals were large plate glass windows. One corner seemed to be devoted to a special class of Ideals.

A pleasant looking woman came towards me. "These are our rich Ideals," said she. "We have quite a large supply of them, for they are very much in demand. There goes a lady now who has arranged to take one of this lot. He is the son of a New York banker. His father died recently, leaving him a large fortune. His money won't last long, however, for he doesn't know anything about taking care of it. But when he goes bankrupt, I suppose she will be back here again hunting another man."

I did not envy her her choice, for these men surely were a sorry looking spectacle. Some of them were red-nosed and blear-eyed, while others seemed to be in a sort of stupor.

I turned in disgust to my guide, and asked if this was all she had to show me.

"Oh, no, this is only a small number. We have anything—positively anything you want," she answered, and I followed her to another department. "These are our nobility," said she.

One look upon this assortment was enough for me. A more overbearing, supercilious array I had never beheld. They sat stiffly starched, in straight-backed chairs, with their eyes fixed upon any passer-by, coolly staring him out of countenance.

The next group—a small one—was of the sort that independent women choose, the meek and humble class. They sat with downcast glance, looking very delicate with their pale,



washed-out complexions. These creatures; my guide informed me, were of the type which develop into "hen-pecked husbands."

Just ahead of me was a show window which was packed with a multitude of men. They were of all sorts and sizes and seemed to be dressed in the smart, trim garb of the soldier.

"What are these?" I inquired.

"Oh," answered my guide, "those are the uniformed ideals. They are all the rage now. You see, we take those which are left over from the other classes and put uniforms on them and they are snapped up like hot cakes. You know a uniform makes all the difference in the world."

I was beginning to despair of ever finding my ideal, when I noticed a sign which bore the simple but all-expressive words, "Just Men."

"Ah!" said I, "this is what I want" and hastened in that direction. My anticipation was suddenly cut short, however, for a voice whispered, "Time's up."

The clock on the wall was striking seven. I gazed searchingly about for the sign, but it was nowhere to be seen.

I have never yet found my ideal, but I am very certain that whatever his other qualifications, he is "Just a man."

it quickened them into life. "Ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine into which ye were delivered," wrote Paul to some of them. And when he exhorted Timothy to "hold fast the form of sound words," he emphasized the importance of right doctrinal views in order to the experience and manifestation of divine power, which will not operate through unsound words, or even through sound words loosely held. If, for example, the doctrine of the personality and work of the Holy Spirit, and of the law of His manifestation, is rejected, the life of Christianity, which is the only guarantee of success in any movement, will be unknown and unfelt. For the Spirit of God alone is the life and power of His work and without Him all activity is in the energy of the flesh and ends in the flesh. That is the reason why reforms that ignore Christ and the supernatural working of the Holy Spirit, come short of the goal. If the W. C. T. U., for example, has been a vital force in the world, it is because it has held the truth about Christ and the Holy Spirit and made this the core of its argument and the strength of its dependence in the conflict with rum. Its success has been according to its evangelical faith and its reliance upon the Spirit of God.

Yet, it is possible that individual workers, local unions, and even the national organization, may need to have this truth re-stated now and again, so the call to wait on God for spiritual equipment may come with fresh significance and lead to more fruitful service.

The same remark applies to the Y. M. C. A. It began in prayer and with strong emphasis upon the Protestant and spiritual features of the Christian faith. In recent times influences have been at work to liberalize the organization, so as to admit unevangelical elements. But should its "form of sound words"—its positive statement of evangelical doctrine—be eliminated, to make room for worldly or unscriptural views and practices, it will cease to be an organ of spiritual power; for the Holy Spirit will work only where Christ is glorified. Negations cannot take the place of affirmations as the vehicle of Divine Truth.

Hitherto the Y. M. C. A. has resisted the suggestion to change its form of doctrine, and in some respects has been showing a splendid devotion to its ideals in this war. But the temptation referred to has been strong and now re-appears in the guise of a proposed re-statement of Christian belief, to meet the supposed demand of the soldiers who have been at the



### THE RELATION OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE TO CHRISTIAN LIFE

(By Prof. Newton Wray)

Christ founded Christianity. His Spirit perpetuates it. The author of the book of Acts begins with these words. "The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and to teach, until the day in which He was taken up, after He, through the Holy Spirit, had given commandments unto the apostles whom He had chosen."

This implies that Jesus continued to do and to teach after His ascension by the Church, which, He explained, must be anointed and filled with His Spirit for that purpose.

Christianity, then, is a complete system of teaching given by Jesus Christ in His real and in His mystical body, pervaded by the Holy Spirit and applied to the accomplishment of God's will on earth. We know what that application meant in His case, with the atoning Cross, the glorious Resurrection, and the commitment to His followers of the work whose consummation is the Kingdom of God.

It is claimed that Christianity is A LIFE and not a CREED; as though there were a necessary antithesis between these ideas. A creed is nothing but a doctrinal belief, which may

be either true or false, sound or unsound. If the latter, it is not Christian; if the former, it is but the form of life—the garment of the Spirit. You may as well talk, in the present state of existence, of life without body as to speak of Christianity without doctrine. The life of Christianity will not be found except in the form of Christian doctrine. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life," said our Lord. They are inbreathed and indwelt by the life-giving Spirit. True, you may have a corpse, instead of a body animated with life; but that is not to the reproach of the body. A true doctrine may seem a dead thing, but that is because it is so held that its life cannot be manifested. It must be received into the seat of its manifestation—the heart—where, by the law of its being, its vitality operates. You cannot get a proof of electricity except in accordance with the law of its operation. You may handle the wire with impunity when that law is not observed; but properly adjusted, it becomes a live wire, flashing a message or smiting with death.

The Bible is a doctrinal system, not simply a literature, that evinces its vital nature when received into the heart. Christianity found the heathen as dead as their systems of philosophy. Received into their hearts,



front. One minister writes: "I know what they believe in. They believe in cheerfulness; they believe in generosity; they believe in duty, and they believe in sacrifice, though I have never heard one speak of sacrifice." Well, who does not believe in these things? Men are not saved by such a belief, but by faith in a Divine Person, who was crucified for their sins and raised for their justification; and this truth cannot be set forth except as a doctrine. Ministers who take any other position are misrepresenting the soldier. He wants a virile gospel—a gospel with blood in it and with power to change the currents of his life and satisfy his conscience. This ministerial note is a false one, but is only the echo of what has long been heard from certain pulpits. As a writer has said: "Fearing to preach doctrine, many of them, more than is perhaps realized, fail to preach truth." Men who, having lost their hold on fundamentals, are casting about for substitutes for the old Gospel, evince the fact that they are "religious Bolsheviks, looking to social service, social science, and institutional churches to save them and the world."

To recur to our opening suggestion. Christ's work was in the power and by the direction of the Holy Spirit. As soon as the anointing came. He began His work (He did not begin it without this) and every phase of that work was by the agency of the Spirit.

Peter declares that having been anointed by the Holy Spirit, Jesus "went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed by the devil; for God was with Him." By the Spirit He cast out demons, and performed all His mighty works. In Hebrews we read. "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God." As through the Spirit Christ made the expiation for sin, so through the Spirit that expiation is made available and effective to purge our conscience from dead works, so that our service shall be with life and power. Then, having finished the atonement by death, He was as the apostle states, "marked out as the Son of God according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." He also, through the Holy Spirit, "gave commandments," before His ascension.

Now if Jesus began to do and teach by the Holy Spirit, it follows that He continues to do and teach by the

same infinite means. But the Spirit must have an organ, a channel for His working. Jesus Himself was the organ of the Spirit when He was bodily present among men. That organ is now believers constituting the Church. But do not mistake concerning who are the Church.

Said Judson of himself and wife before he had a single convert, "We are the Church of God in Burma." Recall the words of Jesus: "Where two or three are met together in my name there am I in the midst of them."

But the promise of the Spirit respects the individual as well as the group. "The promise is unto you and to your children," etc.

Every member of the body shares in the life and strength of the head. The measure of your share is, of course, the kind of connection you have with the body.

There may be life, but not abundant life; movement with little power and result. As there may be knowledge without wisdom or the power of application, so there may be the form

without the power of godliness. There must be "the form of sound words"—sound doctrine—but this must be vitalized by the Holy Spirit, to be effective. Just as a boiler full of water is powerless without fire to turn the water into steam. On the other hand, it would be as foolish to talk of dispensing with doctrine, on the ground that the Christian life is everything, as to say the boiler and water are not necessary if we have the fire. You will not get one without the other. The fire of God falls where sound doctrine is preached. Hence the need of reflecting: "Why am I inefficient? Why do I bear so little fruit? Why do I not abound to every good work? May not the answer be found in my failure to apprehend and appropriate my inheritance in Christ?" There is as much power awaiting use in the Church as ever believers enjoyed since the day of Pentecost. God's fullness has not wasted since then and is instantly available on the same conditions. But the Divine order must be observed.



Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Hobbs, of Indianapolis, motored to T. U. one day last week to visit their son, Max, who is a student here.

Mr. Robert Morris, pastor at Williamsburg, Ind., visited old friends on the campus recently.

Dr. and Mrs. Verne Westlake, Misses Kathreen Albright and Anna McGhie and Messrs. Kenneth Westlake and Aldred Wigg motored to Indianapolis Monday, Nov. 11, to witness that city's celebration of the peace news. They stopped at Anderson on their return trip and enjoyed the parade there.

**See you at Dexheimer & Beitler's.**

Prof. and Mrs. E. M. Smith, Prof. F. E. Cobb, Miss Ruth Maston and Mr. Joseph Imler drove to Marion and Wabash Monday, Nov. 11, to witness the peace celebration, and visited a

short time with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who live near Wabash, but were former residents of Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stout, of Marion, visited with Dr. and Mrs. Vayhinger Sunday, Nov. 10.

Miss Olive Emerson has returned to T. U. for the year and is a welcome member of the school, and especially of the Senior class. (Watch for the next item.)

**Dexheimer & Beitler for service.**

Rev. H. C. Schlarb, of Marion, visited friends on the campus Saturday, Nov. 9. "Postum."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Elliott, Miss Virginia Elliott and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cox called to see Paul Elliott last week. They were compelled to visit through the window, as Paul is suffering a supposed attack of the "flu."



Mr. and Mrs. William Stuart, former students of Taylor, announce the birth of a daughter, Lenore, Nov. 3.

Miss Myra Felton spent the week-end at her home in Fairmount.

Rev. L. A. Whitcomb, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, was called to the bedside of his son, Willard, who is very critically ill at this writing. His mother and brother have been summoned. He is a member of the S. A. T. C. and all join in hoping he shall have a speedy recovery.

Rev. and Mrs. Lamanse have gone to Springfield, Ohio, after having been detained at Taylor by the illness of their son, who is a student here.

### Special prices to students at Dexheimer & Beitler's.

Mrs. Lucile Park and Misses Olive Emerson and Ruth Maston spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stout, of near Marion. Miss McGhie and Messrs. H. C. Schlarb and D. J. Imler were guests at dinner Saturday evening. Miss McGhie remained until Sunday and gave an entertaining talk at the Rally Day services at Oak chapel. "Aunt Sallie" can still fry chicken and make good pumpkin pie and buns.

Dr. Verne Westlake made a business trip to Chicago last week.

Miss Lulu Whitaker, of Hartford City, enrolled as a student last week.

### All work guaranteed at Dexheimer & Beitler's.

Miss Joy Stephenson substituted as teacher in the Upland public schools last week, on account of the illness of the regular teacher.

Miss Audrey Faulder was summoned to her home in Bellefontaine, Ohio, last week, by the death of an old friend and schoolmate.

Mr. Alexander has returned to school.

Miss Floy Struble and Harold Seelig are reported recovering from serious attacks of typhoid fever.

### Marion's the city—Dexheimer & Beitler's the studio.

W. E. Yeater has moved into the Hobbs house. He thinks between the business manager and the editor of the Echo is a strategic location.

Miss Mildred Atkinson is teaching the seventh and eighth grades at Amboy.

W. F. Crozier (T. U. '06-'08) was elected to the Nebraska legislature from the 39th district, Nov. 5, 1918.

Miss Orrel Allen is teaching school at Brookville, Ohio.



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**BUTLER MUSIC CO.**  
MARION, IND.  
E. C. Hunt, Local Agent

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## TAYLOR UNIVERSITY ECHO

Published on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, by the Taylor University Echo Company, Students of Taylor University, Upland, Indiana, from October to June, both months inclusive.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Editor-in-Chief.....	Ross J. Hutsiniller
Associate and Organization Editor.....	Miss Joy Stephenson
Literary Editor.....	Miss Elizabeth Dancy
Local Editor.....	Miss Ruth Maston
Alumni Editor.....	Miss Martha McCutchen
Athletic Editor.....	Fred W. Thomas

## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Business Manager.....	Everett E. Crabtree
Subscription Manager.....	Ira J. Roberts
Circulation Manager.....	F. W. Thomas
Advertising Manager.....	W. E. Yeater

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## EDITORIAL.

Our circulation department has been overwhelmed with letters from subscribers who want to know why they have not been getting the "Echo." This announcement will save answering many letters. The papers had not been mailed from the local postoffice. Perhaps this was partly our fault. We were informed after a while that it was necessary to file an affidavit of circulation with the postmaster before we could receive the benefit of second class rates. Our circulation manager is one of the S. A. T. C. and cannot get leave to go to the postoffice as frequently as he would like to. So the editor and business manager, both new to the duties of the staff and both heretofore ignorant, took up the matter and we trust all is now regular and that you will receive your papers as they are issued.

News of peace came just as our previous issue was on the press. We had received the news before, when the false report came, but for some reason, in spite of our prayers, were not able to believe it. We did not

doubt God, but we did doubt our enemies. But at last came the news with all the credentials of being genuine, and we could no longer doubt without doubting God, doubting our president, and doubting all the soldiery and citizenship that had supported him. The armistice had been signed! What wonder the people were wild with joy? Why should we not join in praise to God? This year above all others, we will celebrate the Thanksgiving season with a conscious appreciation of what it means. Last year we were thankful because no longer, as far the three previous years, were we beholding as one afar off the struggle for freedom from military autocracy; thankful that at last our nation had become the champion of those races whose strivings for civil liberty were one with ours. This year we are thankful that not in vain was the entry of the United States into the conflict, for our antagonists have acknowledged that our cause and that of our Allies is victorious and just.

Gladly shall we welcome the return of our men who have gone forth. We shall not look for them all at once.

For how long we know not, they may be kept on duty; but it will be as partakers of the fruits that they will remain and not merely as husbandmen who labor. We hope that in the possible dispersion to their homes of part of the army, our S. A. T. C. men may remain with us.

## THALONIAN.

Thursday, November 14, the Thalonian literary society gave its first program of the present school year. The first number was an excellently rendered piano selection by Miss Mary Shaw. Mr. Crabtree then gave a humorous Irish reading, following which, after a recitative by Miss Gilberta Wray, was a talk by Mr. Moulton, our president.

The literary society may easily be one of the most influential factors in a student's life. Here he learns to know human nature and in consequence, to develop any latent powers of leadership that he may possess. The Thalonian literary society is out to make this year the best that it has ever known. Every member will be afforded an opportunity to use whatever talent he or she may have. Let's go with the Thalos.

## PHILO SOCIETY.

The Philalethean literary society had their first program of the year on Friday evening, November 15. The attendance was splendid and an unusually fine program was rendered.

The program was as follows

Invocation—Chaplain.

Address—Ira J. Roberts.

Piano Solo—Miss Ekis.

Reading—Miss Waterman.

Piano Solo—Aldred Wigg.

Reading—Miss Matson.

"Something Funny" — Fred W. Thomas.

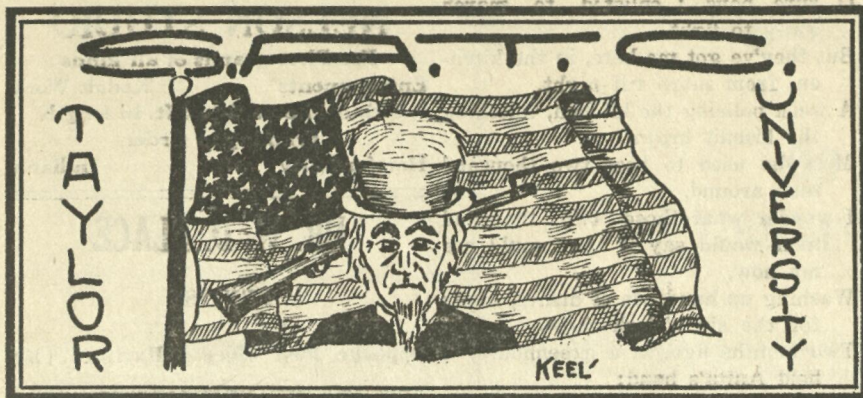
Dismissed.

Bright and early the next morning both societies were out canvassing for new members. Viewed by a disinterested and impartial observer, it is easily to be seen that the Philo's were far the most successful in landing new members, as they added to their literary department Glen Keel, B. O.; to the vocal department, Misses Wertz and Albright; to the athletic department, the basketball team of the S. A. T. C., with one exception. Besides this, many of the S. A. T. C. men and civilian students.

Prof. Munro, in Eng. VI.—Convention requires that we keep from putting all of our knives in our mouths.

Miss Draper didn't get that dress pattern she went to Marion after.





Leo Harvey was unfortunate enough to run a splinter into his foot Friday evening, Oct. 14. After the assistance of a nurse and several others was of no avail, Messrs. Thomas and LaFavour rushed him to Dr. Morrison's office in a motorcycle. After a very painful operation, the splinter was removed. It was about an inch and a quarter long, with the thickness of a match. Mr. Harvey is now improving nicely.

### Dexheimer & Beitler—Prize winners of Indiana.

### HAPPENINGS AND SAYINGS AMONG US MORTALS IN THE PAST WEEK

(As were told in Philalethean Society Friday).

A window glass was broken out of one of the doors in Sickler the other evening. Someone slipped to the door of room eight and found Burke White practicing the manual of arms with a cornstalk.

It is said that when Ira Roberts writes to his lady friends, he always has his face close to the paper on which he is writing. Fred Thomas suggests that Roberts might add somewhat by touching his lips to the stationery now and then.

Mr. Stroup was heard to say at the breakfast table 'tother morning:

"Well I never before saw molecules until I beheld those biscuits."

Harry Holloway has been worrying a lot this past week about his uniform a comin'. He's afraid he'll wear "them clothes o' his'n" so long before he gets his uniform that he'll be in style three times without a' knowin' it!

We hear that there's a bad case of somethin' on the campus. Wonder who's got it?

At the supper table the other evening "Tommy" was unlucky enough to get a big, warty potato( i. e., full of warts).

Sam Dodson: "Gee! Tommy got a warty potato!"

"Tommy": "Oh, well, I like warts."

Francis Brown: "Warts or Wertz, Tommy?"

### Students, get your pictures at Dexheimer & Beitler's.

Th' Skule Filosofy.

Some fellers are so piggish headed that it makes 'em grunt to eat sweet corn.

### Note to the S. A. T. C.'s.

Mrs. Holloway, professor of music and fortune, is talkin' of rentin' space in one end of the Y. M. C. A. room. She unravels the past, tells ye where yer "umbreller" is, and how to keep from buyin' a weddin' ring.

B. White was heard to say the other day that he'd a whole lots rather take a spoonful of lard than study trigonometry.

We are told that Paul Streib is authority. He says that a "feller haint" married long, until he begins t' buy mud colored shirts.

Harry Johnson says, "It's a pity that some people can't eat soup without thinkin' they are bailin' water out of a cistern.

Roberts must be coming to life again. Once more we see him highly in the favor of the ladies. Officially Noted.

Buckmaster says, "I hate to eat along side of a "feller" that holds his arms like a snare drummer.

Somebody was seen a' comin' out of the library th' other day. We think it was Harrie Plummer, but couldn't say for a certain as yet.

"Oh, what a wonderful world this is!" says Red Bedwell. We know that this comes from his heart, 'cause he never misses a class when he has his lesson.

Someone was overheard to ask another "feller" th' other day what there was over in the Y. M. C. A. building that demanded so much of Mr. Murphy's and Mr. Sullivan's time.

Robert McBride has joined Mrs. Holloway's chorus class. He is attempting bass. McBride is a good singer, though. He has a deep thick voice like a bumble bee in a jug.

Hockensmith says there's one good thing about livin' on the farm, and that is that you can chew the rag with yer' wife without bein' heard.

Harvey was speaking about his shoes the other day. He said that it semed like he couldn't buy anything any more that lasts as long as the old one.

### S. A. T. C. Personals.

Ernest Evans, former student, acting as cadet Second Lieutenant of the Unit, was a visitor at the school Monday.

Mr. Whitcomb, evangelist, is here with his wife and son, to visit Willard Whitcomb, one of our members, who is ill.

### LAMENTS OF A ROOKIE.

Some rookies have trouble in reconciling themselves to the hardships and inconveniences of the army, and one of them laments as follows, in the Rockville (Ind.) Tribune:

They took me from cool New York and brought me down here where its summer all winter and hotter all summer. They took me from my comfortable home and put me in a dirty tent. They took my good clothes away and gave me a suit of red-hot khaki. They took away my good name and gave me a number 494. They took from me a job and put me to digging trenches and walking post till my feet and hands were worn out. They make me go to bed when I am not sleepy, and make me get up when I am. They make me go to church on Sunday, whether I want to or not. In church the parson said: "All turn to No. 494. Are you weary? Are you footsore?" And I got ten days in the guard house for answering "yes."



**Laments of a Rookie.**

Sitting here in the kitchen, peeling a bucket of spuds,  
 Wearing a dirty apron, to cover my khaki duds,  
 A hundred thousand in the bank; "society man" that's me.  
 Just because I was late to roll call, they gave me a week's K. P.  
 Sitting here in the kitchen, with slop all over me jeans,  
 Picking rocks and splinters out of a barrel of beans.  
 My thoughts have gone a-wandering to what I used to be,  
 Before I missed that last post car, and they gave me a week's K. P.  
 I think of the nights I squandered doing the bar room stunts,  
 Gee, what a sissy I was; a hopeless, hopeless runt,  
 O, I was there with the girls, boys, and they called me a lady's man.  
 What would they say if they saw me now, scraping a greasy pan?  
 The mess sergeant's a slaver; he gives a man no rest,  
 The first cook is a villain, but I have second best.

O, sure, boys, I enlisted to march away to fight,  
 But they've got me here, in the kitchen, from morn till night.  
 A week policing the kitchen, watching the biscuit brown,  
 Me, who used to boss two thousand men around.  
 I wonder what those two thousand men would say if they could see me now,  
 Washing up hundreds of dishes, ready for the six o'clock chow.  
 Two months ago, in a greenhouse, I held Anita's hand;  
 Told her that I enlisted to fight for my native land.  
 She leaned her head on my shoulder; said she was proud of me.  
 She'd be proud alright if she saw me now, doing a week's K. P.  
 Dumping the slush in the swill can, scrubbing the kitchen floor,  
 Swabbing a slimy mush pan until my hands are sore;  
 Fixing the hash for supper, putting ice in the tea,  
 Edward Pabst Klingstein, "society man," that's me.

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**HARTFORD HDW. CO.****LETTER FROM RUTH  
COPLEY TO MRS. McINTOSH**

Mid Pacific, July 29, 1918.

Perhaps you are wondering about my voyage and so I will tell you about that first. Well I have been very seasick and that is an indescribable experience. After days of suffering, it just seemed I could not bear it any longer, somehow the dear Lord helped me to realize I could leave it all in his hands and I slowly began to improve. I was so weak they carried me up on deck to see what the fresh air would do for me. I am able to get up by myself now, am gaining a little every day, and am very thankful the worst is over.

I have had so much time when I could only lie and think, that I have almost lived the past days over again. But best of all, I have also had some very precious hours of communion with my Lord. How the songs have

come into my heart as I have thought of His goodness, and truly I am highly privileged to be able to go on now.

This has turned out to be a sort of diary letter, I guess. August 4, and here we are in Japan. Our boat had trouble with its engines, so the only thing for them to do was to come into port here at Yokohama. We will be here about three days for repairs so we have a chance to see a little of Japan. Today (Sunday) the missionaries went to church together to the only English speaking church in the city—a mission church. We enjoyed the services.

Though I could hardly realize I was in Japan while in church, I mean, one realizes it keenly enough when they ride in the rickshas, or wheeled chairs, through the narrow, queer-smelling streets. The general appearance of the landscape is beautiful—so many trees.

August 8—Still in port and may be



here over another Sunday. Well, I have spent a day in Tokyo and have seen so many sights it is impossible to tell about all. The people seem intelligent and happy, but we see only the surface, of course, and cannot realize the heartaches of a people without Christ. I have been trying to find Mr. Hiraide and have just learned he is in a mission in Tokyo. If I had only known when I was there I should have enjoyed seeing him and his little Japanese wife. They say he is very happy in his work.

The second day we were here another boat came in and on it were our old Taylor friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown. They were here two days, so I had quite a visit. They will be at the same station in China as Miss Bridgewater. They told me of the T. U. students at Ann Arbor and especially spoke of how well T. P. Lee was doing. I think they said he would be ready to go back as a medical missionary in another year.

My heart is so full of thankfulness for God's goodness to me, how much it means to know how to find comfort in Him when one is lonely, as they are likely to be in a strange land, to have that blessed fellowship.

Manilla, Aug. 19—Our boat arrived here yesterday—Sunday—shortly after noon, and what was my surprise and delight to find seven of our Methodist missionaries on the pier to welcome me. They had heard of the arrival of the boat and had hurried from church to be waiting when I should arrive. They represented the hospital, the publishing house, and the seminary; and such a welcome as they gave me! They are fine people, all of them, and seem very spiritual. At present I am staying at the dormitory of the young ladies' Seminary. There are ninety girls here. They represent the very best of the Islands and most of them are Christians. I attended their volunteer service in the afternoon, and oh, it was so inspiring to see their simplicity of faith and their reverence in prayer.

I am anxious to arrive in Lingayen, my future home. Yes, I feel that these islands are going to be that to me. I am going to love the people, and feel they are my people. I have so much joy just to be here and to realize I am in my corner of the Master's vineyard. I shall need your prayers that I may have strength for my task and I know I will have them.

RUTH COPLEY.

Address: Lingayen (Pangasinan Province) Philippine Islands.

Dexheimer & Beitler, in Marion, certainly make good photos.

## DO YOUR GIFT-BUYING AT ONCE

Santa Claus is just as important a figure in the civilized world to-day as ever. But this Christmas he must conform to rules of the government.

You can do your part by doing your gift-buying now. Don't say: "Oh well, I can wait a week or so." Of course you can but why do it? Now's the best time to buy. Come tomorrow and make your gift-selections from the broad stocks of practical and useful merchandise we offer.

Dainty new Neckwear—All kinds of Gloves - Handbags, all the new styles - Hosiery, silk, lisle and cotton, all colors - Waists, some very special values - Handkerchiefs - Fancy Towels - Umbrellas - Table Damask - Dress Materials, silk, wool and cotton - Jewelry of all kinds - Useful pieces of China and Cut Glass at popular prices - Enameled.

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## CHRONICLE.

Sunday, Nov. 10—Rev. Lamanse conducted chapel services. Several visitors were in evidence.

Monday, Nov. 11—Peace! Peace! Peace! Everybody celebrated.

Tuesday, Nov. 12—Everybody hoarse but happy. Entertainment for S. A. T. C. in the basement of Swallow Robin dormitory. Seniors hold a meeting.

Wednesday, Nov. 13—Athletic association organized. "Gem" staff elected.

Thursday, Nov. 14—War work drive at Chapel. Hearty response by the faculty and students. Thalos launch their first program.

Friday, Nov. 15—Dedication of the flag pole and raising of the flag. Philos have first program of the term. Herr Prust has a birthday dinner.

Saturday, Nov. 16—Philo-Thalos rush for new members.

Sunday, Nov. 17—Church. Rain! Visitors!! Dates!!!

Monday, Nov. 18—Miss Zylpha Hurlbut celebrates her (?)th birthday. Miss Emerson gets a letter from Marion.

Tuesday, Nov. 19—Bird house quiet. Faculty meeting in the parlors. Paul Dunlap-ped his coffee.

Wednesday, Nov. 20—All students came to breakfast dry-cleaned. Water off.

Our exchange department has received from Central Holiness University, University Park, Iowa, their college news sheet. In view of the scarcity of paper, they are issuing, not the "Alethia" as formerly, but "The Substitute" for the Alethia, small in size but mighty in content. It is "chuck full" of news. One very novel feature is the list of "A Few Questions Asked by Former Students," taken from recent letters.

Disease and death have not left C. H. U. untouched. Some of their boys with the colors have been among the ones to answer the last call.

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### DEFEATED VAN BUREN.

Who said that the S. A. T. C. basketball team of Taylor University could not win their first game of the season? They went to Van Buren Saturday evening, Nov. 16, and defeated a fast team of high school and independent players by the score of 21 to 17.

Do you wish to hear the story in a few words? Well, I'll tell it. "Fat" Snyder was right on the job when a goal had to be made. "Eno" O'Neal had his old time speed and had as a usual thing about three or four trailing after him, though like Ford trailers, they never caught up with him. Cress and "Red" Bedwell were right on the job as guards, being able to rough it up or speed it up just as the occasion demanded. Buckmaster on center was equal to the occasion, as was Harold Plummer, when he relieved "Fat" Snyder.

When the smoke had cleared away, this is how it looked:

S. A. T. C.	Van Buren
O'Neal	forward
Snyder	forward
Buckmaster	center
Cress	guard
	Griffith

Bedwell	guard	Griffith
Plummer	sub.	Ferguson
		Creviston

Field Goals—S. A. T. C.: Snyder 6, O'Neal 2, Buckmaster 1. Van Buren—Melling 5, Kern 3. Foul goals—S. A. T. C.: Cress 3. Van Buren, Beck.

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Athletic association of Taylor University has come to life! Much credit is due to the "pep" that the S. A. T. C. boys are adding to it. A meeting was held in chapel, at which the following officers were elected:

President—Fred W. Thomas.  
Secretary—Miss Ruth Maston.  
Purchasing Committee—Wendell C. O'Neal, Harrie Plummer, D. J. Imler.

We hope that the splendid co-operation will continue and that real college spirit and life may come from this organization in co-operating with various teams and intercollegiate activities of the school.

Morris K. Berrett, our yell leader, deserves mention. His yell practice has been good and the rooters that he led at Van Buren gave splendid account of themselves.

Fred W. Thomas, Editor.

U. S. Medical Troops. Magee Hospital, Forbes and Halket Streets., Pittsburg, Pa., Nov 16, 1918.

Dear Friend Hutsinpillar:—

Henderson handed me the first two numbers of the "Echo" to read the other day and it was there and then that I decided that I could not get along without some news once in a while from T. U. Enclosed please find one dollar (in currency) which will pay my subscription for the present school year.

Henderson and I are still together and getting along fine. We had what you might call soft jobs during our first three or four weeks in the service, but when the "flu" epidemic hit Pittsburg it put us all to work and we are still at it. I work nights and put in about a fourteen hour shift, which

is enough for any man in one night. But we both like our work and have no complaint to make.

"Hennie" is the record man in the hospital here. I am the admitting clerk at nights.

I enjoyed "Birmy's" letter in the "Echo," also the one from "Bobbie" McCutcheon. Glad to hear of the success of Taylor's S. A. T. C. Unit. There are about four thousand S. A. T. C. boys in the various units in Pittsburg. They all come under the medical supervision of our company, and I have found them to be a fine class of fellows.

Henderson and I miss T. U. in many respects. For instance we have been under quarantine for six weeks and haven't had a chance to attend church in that time. We are making our

plans to go to a M. E. church nearby tomorrow morning. It will be to us a spiritual feasting, I am sure

The chances are still good for us to go over and we wouldn't mind the trip I am sure, even if the war is over. I will notify you when my address is changed and in that way I can always have the "Echo."

Wishing you the best of success in your work as editor, I am,

Your friend and brother,

PVT. JOHN W. ROSE.

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